



The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

by GRACE MILLER WHITE

A New Romance of the Storm Country

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

When he got upstairs, he looked at himself in the glass. How white and thin he had grown! He looked as if he had died and was trying to come to life again. He was frightened almost out of his wits too. Then Tonnieb Devon really was in the house. It hadn't been her ghost that had thrown him bodily from the window sill after all. Urah, knowing that, had come and made a demand for his daughter and had been arrested. Perhaps he would be arrested also, and for a crime worse than stealing. Had the girl mentioned the fact of his trying to poison Paul Pendlehaven? If she hadn't, would she? When Mrs. Curtis came in to ask how he felt, he was crumpled in a big chair, shaking as if he had been attacked with ague.

"My goodness, Reggie, you look awful," she said, coming to his side. "Tell me, child, what's the matter?" "There's matter enough," faltered the boy. "If you don't want me arrested like that man today, then give me some money to get out with."

He dropped his head, and for a moment he stood staring at him. Then her mother-heart relaxed, and she sank beside his chair.

"Darling," she crooned, "darling boy, go to your Cousin John and tell him all about it. He will forgive you and help you—"

The boy bounded up, maddened beyond endurance.

"Great God," he cried, "he'd box me up for ten years! No, no, you've got to help me get away from Ithaca, I must have money!"

"Wait," said Mrs. Curtis, and she hurried from the room.

When she appeared before Doctor John in his office, he arose hastily.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" he asked.

"John," she entreated, forgetting to raise her handkerchief to wipe away her tears, "I must have some money tonight. A lot of it!"

"For Reggie?" boomed forth Pendlehaven.

"Yes, he's sick, and I want to send him away, John. Oh! You can't refuse me this, you simply can't!"

"Going away doesn't seem to help your son any, as I see," answered the doctor. "He might better stay home. Wait till I tell you something, Sarah."

He went on with a wave of his hand to stop her plea. "You are ruining that boy. Three-quarters of the time you don't know where he is, and he drinks like a fish."

The woman knew what her cousin said was true; but the money she had to have. Yet she dared not confess what made it necessary.

"But this time, John," she wept brokenly, "he'll go to a place I sent him. He's promised he would. John, you must help me!"

Pendlehaven sat down and took up the book he had been reading.

"I refuse to hand out any more money for that boy," said he. "Let him stay awhile, Sarah, and see how that works out. . . . No, no, there's no use of your begging me. I refuse absolutely."

Mrs. Curtis fled away almost distracted. If she should see her son taken to prison like Devon had been that afternoon, it would kill her. And

With this last statement Mrs. Curtis had to be satisfied. Reggie suffered dreadfully the night through, his mother sitting at his bedside. Tony Devon also had been awake most of the night. In the morning after breakfast, she set about gathering courage to approach Doctor Paul.

With Gustie Piglet in her arms, she sat down beside him, and how the minute was there to speak. Tony didn't know how to begin. But to begin meant to begin, Tony had learned, as she coughed and blurted:

"Your cousin, Mrs. Curtis, is kind of pretty, isn't she?"

"She would be if she didn't cry so much," responded Doctor Paul.

This gave Tony the opening she wanted.

"Her boy's awful sick, so she says," she broke out, "that's why she cries. If he don't go away, he'll die, mebbe."

The lovely gray eyes grew darker as they searched his, and Doctor Paul leaned over and looked keenly at her.

"No one but that girl is allowed near him," flashed back Katherine. "By John's orders," supplemented Mrs. Curtis.

Katherine's lip curled.

"Then why not appeal to her, mamma? Perhaps she'd reach the ears of his majesty, the Lord Almighty," said she.

"Oh, Kathie, don't be horrid," sobbed her mother. "You know very well I couldn't ask him through her."

"Then what will you do?" demanded the girl. "You say Cousin John won't help Regie, and you refuse to ask the girl to ask Cousin Paul. Then what will you do?"

"You ask her, Kathie," said Mrs. Curtis, in coaxing tones.

Katherine tossed her head. "You've got a nerve to send me to her for anything," she shot back. "I will not!"

Mrs. Curtis came forward with trembling footsteps.

"Not for your brother's sake? Oh, Kathie, do!"

"No, I won't," said the girl. "So just don't ask me. Reggie's not my son, and I haven't any sympathy for him." With that she made for the door and was gone.

For over an hour the anguished mother walked up and down. Then as if she had at last reached a conclusion, she went to the servants' quarters. There she sent the maid to ask Tonnieb to come out to Doctor Paul's conservatory for a minute.

Tonny silently stared at the white woman when they came face to face. Mrs. Curtis swallowed her pride, gulping at the lumps that rose in her throat.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon, Miss Devon," she said. "I really didn't understand."

Tonnieb thought in a flash that Mrs. Curtis must have gotten religion; nothing but a softening of heart could account for the apology.

"Never mind," she choked. "I'm awfully sorry about my daddy, but if he will be bad, then I suppose he must go to jail."

This statement renewed the dread in Mrs. Curtis' heart about her son.

"Could you take a message to my Cousin Paul for me?" she ventured.

"What is it?" asked Tonnieb, thickly.

"My son is ill," Mrs. Curtis explained tearfully, "and he must go away. I haven't any money, but if Paul knew about it he'd help me. Will you ask him?"

Tonny thought a minute.

"Not tonight," she replied. "Mebbe Doctor John—"

"No, he hates my son," the other cried passionately. "Oh, you mustn't say anything to him about it."

Tonnieb Devon was awfully tempted to refuse the haughty woman who had pulled her around by the hair only that afternoon. But she remembered Phillip, remembered his love for her, and relented.

"Come along back tomorrow morning, and mebbe I can get you some," she answered, walking away. Then over her shoulder she flung back, "I'll try, anyhow."

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"She might make you nervous," she said dubiously.

"I don't think so," replied the doctor, smiling. "I'm so much better. We won't speak of this to John, and I won't get nervous." He made the last promise because the girl's face was troubled and anxious.

Tonnieb nodded and hurried out. She knew which room Mrs. Curtis occupied and sought the other wing of the house. When she knocked at the door, a woman's voice called a low: "Come in!"

Tonny stepped inside and, turning, shut the door before she took a survey of the room. When she did, she almost fainted. Reggie Brown, the awful man she had known in the canalboat days, the man who had dropped the poison into Paul Pendlehaven's medicine, was seated very near Mrs. Curtis, and Katherine was by the window, wearing a very bored expression.

An exclamation came from each one of the three as the girl faced them, looking as if she were ready to collapse.

"You didn't get the money then, girl," demanded Mrs. Curtis, sharply. "Reggie dear, I didn't tell you last night, but your Cousin John refused me when I asked him for help, and I had to reach Paul through—"

Tonny's eyes were on Reginald, who was crouching lower in his chair, her forward, staggering step broke off the speaker's explanation.

"You want the money for him?" she cried, pointing a finger toward the cowering boy.

Mrs. Curtis nodded.

"Yes, he's my son," she answered. Tony drew a long breath, letting it hiss out through her teeth.

"If he's your son, ma'am," she said falteringly, "then you got a murderer for a son. He tried—he tried to poison Doctor Paul!"

Mrs. Curtis got up slowly, a cold race rising in her pale eyes. Katherine came forward to her mother's side, but Reginald remained silent.

"You lie," snarled Mrs. Curtis. "I don't lie," cried Tony, hoarsely. "I don't lie, either. Look at him, and

see if he ain't guilty. He did put poison in Doctor Paul's medicine, and I pushed him off the window. But I didn't know he was your son."

By forcing her eyes around, the mother caught sight of her boy.

"Reggie," she screamed, "for God's love, don't look that way. Why don't you tell the huzzy she lied. Tell her you'll go to your cousins and let them know of her accusations. I'll go myself!"

She darted across the room, but Reginald's husky voice called her back.

"Don't do that," he warned. "Don't do it, matter! What she says is true. I did exactly that thing. I—I tried to kill Cousin Paul!"

Mrs. Curtis sank down with a groan, and Katherine uttered a cry.

"I thought you wanted me to, matter," went on the boy, wildly. "I thought you said, if he died, we'd get money—"

"But, my God, I didn't want you to kill him!" moaned Mrs. Curtis.

"I didn't," said Reggie.

"But you tried," thrust in Tonnieb. "And you've told my cousins, eh?" he asked hopelessly.

"No, I didn't," denied Tony. "I spoke mebbe I would have, but I didn't know you belonged here. I know you used to steal with my daddy and do all sorts of wicked things—"

Mrs. Curtis cried out again.

"But I didn't know you'd try to kill a poor sick man," Tony went on, "and then send your ma to get money of him."

"You'll tell him I know you will, you terrible girl," screamed Katherine, no longer able to restrain herself.

Tonnieb thought quickly. Cousin Paul Pendlehaven lived in the house with an enemy who had tried to take his life. This same enemy had tried to destroy her, too.

"You said he was going away?" she questioned Mrs. Curtis presently.

"Didn't you?"

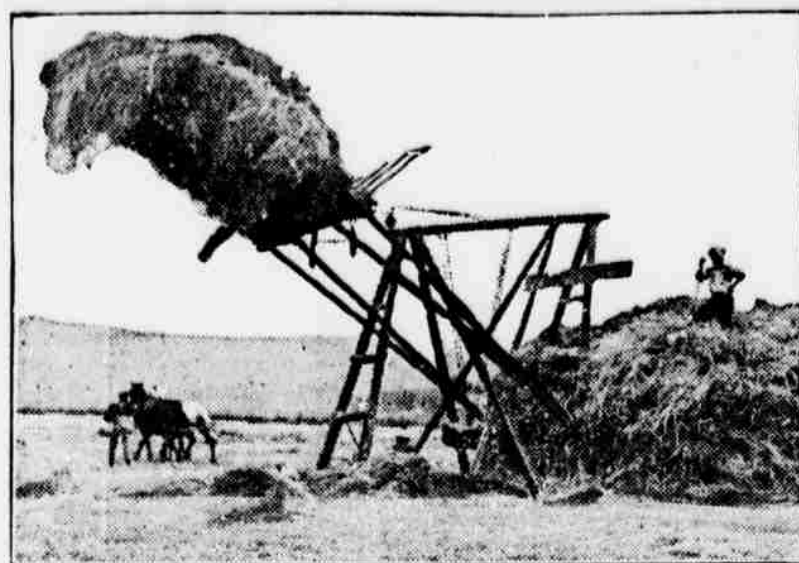
"If I get money," put in Reggie, drearily, "I will."

"Doctor Paul wants to see you, ma'am," said Tonnieb, her dark gray eyes fixed on the woman. "And if he goes," she pointed at Reginald, "and stays a long time, I'll keep mum."

Completely overlooking Katherine, Tony ran out of the room. The next day she didn't look up when she heard Doctor John tell Doctor Paul that Reginald had left Ithaca. When she peeped at Doctor Paul, he smiled at her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

USE LABOR TO BEST ADVANTAGE



The Stacker is a Modern Implement Utilizing Horse Labor for Putting the Hay on the Stack.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The hay crop, even when the labor supply is normal, causes more worry, anxiety, and disappointment than any other crop. The time for harvesting is comparatively short. Other crops require attention at the same time. And the weather is to be reckoned with.

A great deal of labor is wasted every year during hay harvest, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, not because of actual idleness on the part of the workers, but because labor is expended unnecessarily on operations that do not utilize it to the best advantage. If an old method can be superseded by a new one that will enable the same number of men to accomplish more work in the same length of time, or fewer men to accomplish the same work in the same length of time, it will mean more hay saved, more profit to the farmer, and a better condition for the country.

Shift Burden from Man to Horse.

Although there is a scarcity of man labor, there are still plenty of horses on most farms, and herein largely lies the solution of the problem. On farms where considerable hay is grown methods must be adopted by which the greater part of the heavy labor is done by horses. This will necessitate the general use of certain types of labor-saving machinery, some of them not so common in the East, which have been thoroughly tested and proved satisfactory in the western part of the United States. The small hay grower, however, need not make a very heavy investment in new haying apparatus, for by rearranging the working of his crew and using a little more horse labor for the hard work he can add considerably to the efficiency of his crew.

Here are some suggestions made by the specialists for avoiding of labor in haying.

Do not run two or more mowers close together. If the front mower has any trouble that causes it to stop, all of the mowers usually wait while repairs are made on one. There is a tendency, also, for drivers to waste

too much time talking when they stop occasionally to let the teams rest. A good practice when two or more machines are used is for each driver to lay off a "land" for himself and work independently, so there will be no interference from other machines.

Side Delivery Rake is Best.

Do not turn hay by hand. It is too costly. The cheapest and most efficient way of stirring hay in the windrow is with a two-horse tedder. One man with a tedder will do more work than 12 men stirring with hand forks. It is not even necessary to have a man to run the tedder. A boy big enough to drive a team will do just as much work.

A one-horse rake operated by a man makes raking very costly. A two-horse sulky rake is better, but the side-delivery rake is best. When curing is done in the swath and a hay loader is used, the crew can start taking the hay from the windrow as soon as the side-delivery rake has made one double windrow across the field. If the sulky rake is used, the crew will have to wait until the rake has gone several times across the field. In this matter the extent of the haying operations has to be considered, of course. On very small farms the use of the side-delivery rake might not be economy.

If the weather is clear and the hay is in proper condition, there will be no necessity for hay caps or for further labor till the hay is hauled. But hay caps will pay for themselves in one year when the weather is bad. They are more especially needed with clover, alfalfa, and pea vines, all of which cure slowly.

If hay is to be bunched, the hand method is too expensive. A two-horse sulky rake can bunch 30 acres or more a day and a boy can drive it just as well as a man. Even more labor can be saved, however, by using the push rake to bunch hay after it has been raked into the windrow. It is a good

plan to have two men working together to round up the bunches, since more can be accomplished than when each works alone.

It is a waste of time to pitch hay onto a small haystack on a high-wheeled wagon. Use a large hayrack on a low-wheeled wagon.

Loading hay with pitchforks is the hardest, slowest, and most expensive way. The men are working constantly, but the horses are doing nothing most of the time. If a loader is used, the hardest part of the work is done by the horses and the men can handle about 30 per cent more hay.

Save Labor on the Stack.

The push rake furnishes the most economical method of hauling hay to the stack, barn, or hay press if the distance is not much more than one-fourth of a mile. One man, or a boy, with a good push rake and a team used to the work will handle three times as much hay as two men with a small rack on a high-wheeled wagon.

Stacking hay with a push rake and an overshot stacker mounted on wheels eliminates nearly all of the back-breaking work of the old pitchfork method. With a yield of one to one and a half tons to the acre, two men on the stack can easily handle all the hay brought in by three push rakes, accomplishing a vast saving in labor and hay over the pitchfork method.

Another method not so good but still vastly better than the pitchfork method is a stacker equipped with a double harpoon fork. The outfit can be made at home and will cost very little compared with the labor it saves, but harder work is necessary to get the hay on the stack than with the overshot stacker.

When hay is to be haled from the field, one man by working in the afternoon, can round up enough hay which has been bunched by push rakes to keep the press going next morning until the dew is gone from the hay in the windrow. When the hay is not thus rounded up the crew will lose two hours or more on mornings when there is a heavy dew.

Carelessness in setting the press may result in loss of labor. When the press is properly set two men can get plenty of hay to it from the stack.

REDUCE LOSSES IN SHIPPING

More Careful Handling in Harvesting and Packing Spinach is Urged by Specialists.

Losses in long-distance shipments of spinach can be greatly reduced by careful handling in harvesting and packing together with effective refrigeration in transit, according to specialists of the bureau of markets of the United States Department of Agriculture. Decay and deterioration in transit caused by the development of slimy soft rot cause serious losses to shippers in some sections.

"This decay develops rapidly in transit when temperature conditions are favorable," say investigators of the bureau. "It starts at places where the leaves have been bruised or wounded, and it very frequently follows attacks of blight or other field diseases. Other causes of deterioration in transit are yellowing and wilting of the leaves. Prompt handling and shipment at a low temperature largely reduce losses from these causes."

When barrels are used, it is advisable to scatter crushed ice in several layers through the container, a large layer being placed on top of the spinach next to the barrel head. Holes bored in the bottom of the barrel provide drainage. Shipments in baskets or crates carry best with a layer of crushed ice in the center of the container and another layer on top of the spinach just under the cover.

CHIEF CAUSE OF SWARMING

Lack of Ventilation and Space for Queen Bee to Lay Eggs Encourage Restlessness.

The main causes leading to swarming are lack of ventilation, lack of space for the queen bee to lay eggs, insufficient room for storing honey, and over-abundance of drones or a queen bee that has become too old.

To prevent swarming therefore, these conditions must be avoided, suggests the Extension Service beekeeping specialist. The queen alone is normally capable of laying eggs, and for this reason swarming is necessary to make new colonies and perpetuate the race. The old queen always comes out with the first swarm.

BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDBIRTH

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